

FAMOUS ROVER



FAMOUS ANIMAL STORIES

Sp. 41

Virginia Aquapne





FAMOUS ANIMAL STORIES

Famous Rover

AND OTHER STORIES

By
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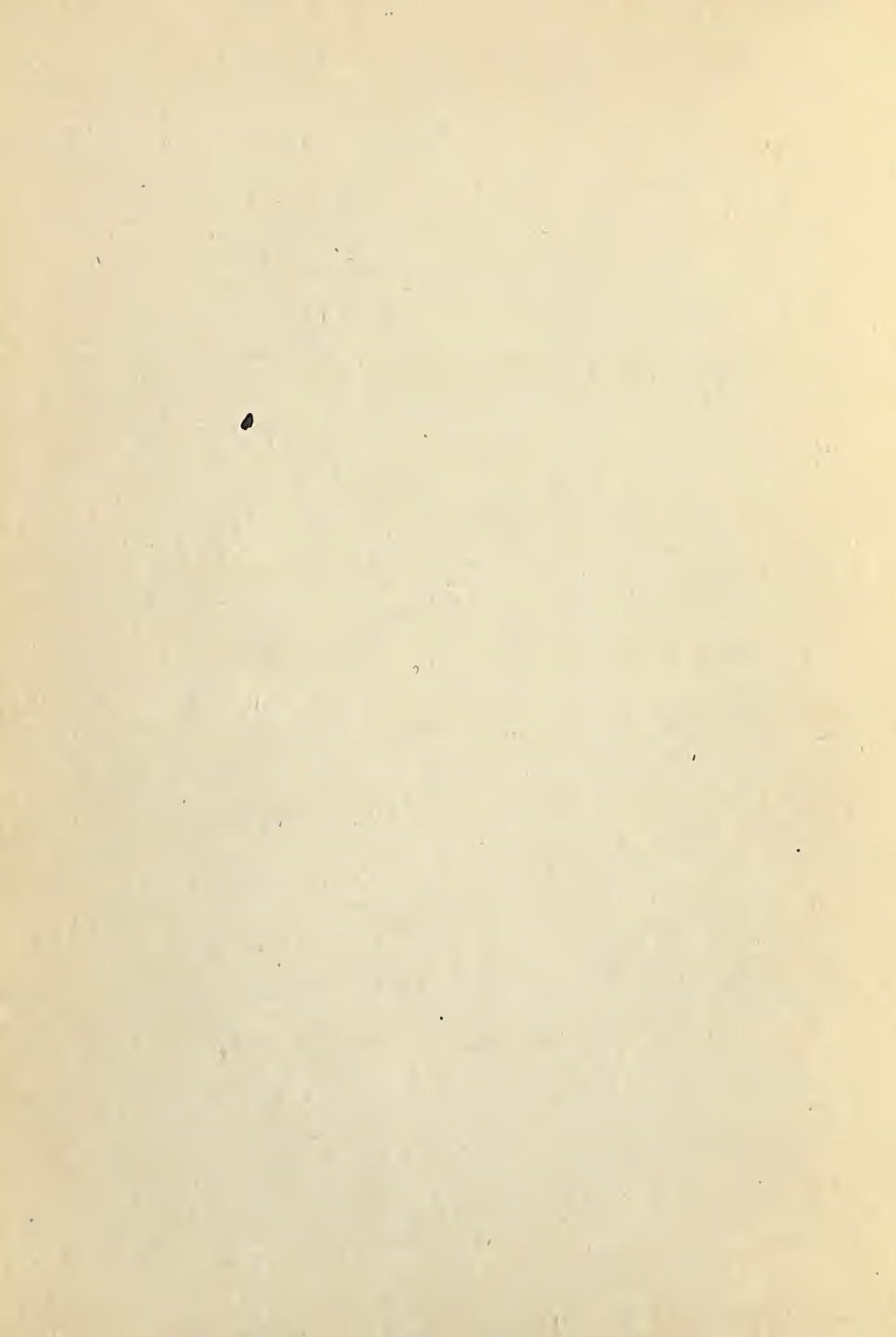
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Famous Rover

Famous Rover

CHAPTER I

ONE day little Laura and her nurse went out for a walk. As they turned a corner, they saw a poor, dirty, hungry dog shivering and crying.

"Oh," cried the little girl, "just see how that dog is trembling! What is the matter with him?"

Before the nurse could answer, a small boy, standing nearby, spoke up:

"He was in a fight with a big bull terrier."

"Is he your dog?" asked little Laura.

"My dog!" said the boy scornfully, "I should say not. He's a stray cur."

Laura loved animals, and she wanted to take this poor, little, lost dog right into her arms and warm and comfort it.

The nurse said, "No, my dear, he is too dirty for you to carry. We will take him home, but he must walk. You coax him."

When they reached home, the nurse gave him a bath and some good things to eat. He was so grateful that he just wagged his tail all the time.

It took them a long time to decide on a name. But finally they all agreed to call him Rover.

Now Rover had never been in a real home before. He was born in a barn and was very happy with his mother, brothers and sisters.

One day he was looking out of the barn door and the Sun shone so bright and the air was so crisp that he wished he could go out.

Without asking his mother if he might go, he just stepped right out into the big

world and he soon found that it was a very big world indeed.

At first he thought he was having great fun, but all at once he began to wish for his mother, brothers and sisters.

"I will go back home now and tell mother I am sorry that I came away without asking her," he said.

But alas, he walked and ran, but he could not find his home. Then he met a big dog and this dog fought with him and rolled him in the mud until he was a dreadful sight.

It was just then that little Laura and her nurse found him crying.

For the first few days in his new home, Rover was homesick for his mother, sisters and brothers, but he soon loved Laura so dearly that he became very happy and contented.

Now, this little girl had a great many toys and dolls. These were kept in a

lovely, sunny nursery and here little Laura spent a good many happy hours.

She was a very neat little girl and always put everything in its proper place when she was through with it.

One day her mother took her in the auto to the city to buy her some new dresses and shoes.

Poor Rover had to stay home. Laura put her arms around his neck and whispered in his ear:

"I wish you were going with me, Rover, but never mind you may stay in the nursery with my dolls, for they can't go either. You must watch them."

Rover smiled and wagged his tail. He was a very jolly little dog.

When left alone, Rover walked around and around the nursery. He felt very important to be left to watch the dolls.

He kissed each doll on the cheek. It was a very wet kiss. He looked out of the



HE KISSED EACH DOLL ON THE CHEEK

window, then came back and kissed the dolls again.

"Why, their kisses taste good," he said. So he kissed them again and again.

The dolls grew paler and paler until they looked very white and funny. Rover kissed them until his tongue was tired and all the paint was off their faces.

At last he threw himself down on the floor and as he did so he knocked against a tiny, white stand and the Roly-Poly Clown came tumbling down at his feet.

Rover stared at him and then gave him a friendly push with his nose. The clown rocked from side to side, grinning in glee.

Rover thought him very jolly and funny. He barked at him, pounced at him and jumped over him, but the Clown only grinned and rocked furiously.

Rover determined to tip him over, but try as hard as he could he found it impossible.

I will tell you why—this Roly-Poly Clown was weighted and it could only roll and rock.

Rover grew so excited that he jumped all over the place, upsetting things right and left.

The little clay doll from China fell all in a heap. The spotted horse came tumbling after and oh, mercy, his head flew right off.

The string to the toy cannon got caught in Rover's toes and went spinning all over the nursery as Rover flew about.

This cannon became dangerous indeed. It broke more things than you could imagine. It was dreadful.

At last there was nothing left in its proper place but the King of Toyland.

Rover paused in his wild rush before his Majesty sitting in state on his throne.

"I'll kidnap the King of Toyland," he cried.

Straightway he grabbed the helpless King in his mouth and made off with him.

Just then little Laura opened the door. What she saw made her stop in breathless amazement.

"Oh, you wicked, bad Rover!" she cried "How could you be so wicked?"

Rover looked at Laura and was so ashamed that he dropped down on his stomach and crawled to her, begging forgiveness.

"After all, Rover is only a doggie and he did not know any better," said the mistress.

As if Rover understood, he sprang up and kissed Laura. She put her arms about him and his joy was so great that the little girl laughed and forgave him.

CHAPTER II

THE next day, Laura was sweeping the bedroom rug of her doll house, when her little broom struck something way back under the bed.

She quickly bent down and reached for that "something." She thought of course that it was one of her dear dolls and that it must have fallen out of bed in the night.

Imagine her surprise when her hand struck something hard and cold. She could not feel a bit of lace or clothes of any kind.

Her surprised little "Oh!" turned into "Ha! ha! tee! hee!" for it was a bone, which she pulled out from under the bed and not a doll.

"Rover must have hidden it there," she laughed.

And as if to answer for himself, Rover dashed into the nursery. When he saw the bone he sat up and barked for it in a most polite way.

Laura gave it to him. He ran around the room several times as if looking for a safe place to put it, for he did not care to gnaw it just then. At last he came back to the dolls' bed and buried the bone under the snowy, white pillow.

Laura went after the bone once more and as she gave it to Rover again, she said:

"Now, doggie, you are very mischievous. The dolls' house belongs to the dolls and not to you. You must take your bone out into the yard and bury it in the ground, if you do not want to eat it right away."

Rover wagged his short tail and was just trotting out of the door with his bone when the mistress entered. She said:

"Come, Laura, ask nurse to put on your hat and we will go for an auto ride."

"Please, may Rover come along?" begged the little girl.

"I am afraid not. We are going to make a call as well as ride and I am afraid that he might get into mischief," replied the mistress.

"If you will only let him go, I will watch him every moment and I am sure that he will be a good doggie," insisted Laura.

Rover danced up and down and smiled until he showed all of his teeth. He had buried his bone under the edge of the rug when Laura and her mother were not looking.

The mistress laughed and said, "Well, I will give you both a trial."

Away flew Laura to the nurse and Rover scampered right close to her heels. The nurse put Laura's hat on for her and tied a pretty, fresh ribbon around Rover's neck.

"Honk! honk!" sounded the automobile horn. "Honk! honk!"

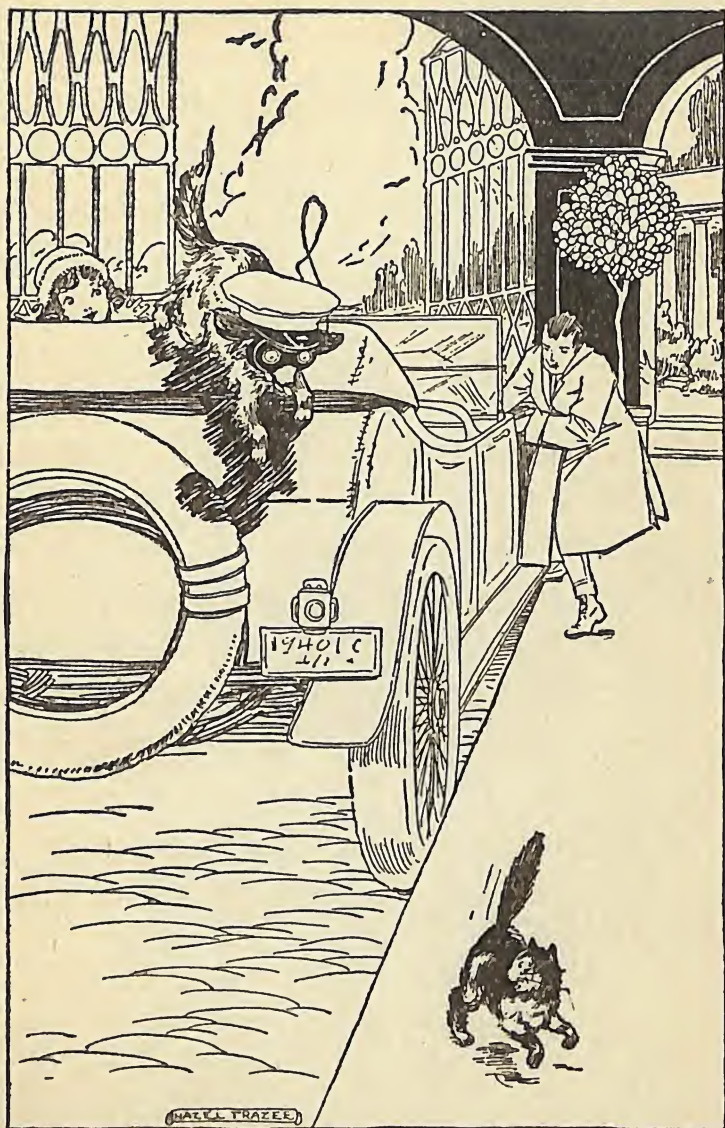
"We are coming. We are coming," cried Laura.

Soon they were all settled in the big car and speeding along over the beautiful country roads. Rover sat up beside the driver and kept his little, black nose wiggling. There were so many new and strange smells to interest a doggie.

At last they stopped in front of a beautiful home and the mistress went in to call. Laura begged so hard to stay out in the auto with Rover that the mistress consented.

The driver got out of the auto to look at his engine and left his motor-cap and goggles on the seat. Laura became tired of sitting still. She saw the motor-cap and goggles and thought what fun it would be to dress Rover up in them.

Rover was always willing and ready to



HE SPRANG AFTER THE CAT

join in any fun, and when Laura slipped the goggles over his eyes and put the motor-cap on his head, he laughed and laughed.

Suddenly he saw a cat through the goggles. He forgot about everything and every one, and sprang after the cat. The cat was so frightened to see such a strange looking dog, that she ran like mad and hid up in a tree.

Rover did not see where she went, but he loved to run, so he just kept on running. The driver saw him disappearing with his motor-cap and goggles and gave chase.

"Doesn't he wish he could catch me?" laughed Rover.

CHAPTER III

LAURA called and called to Rover, but the motor-cap had slipped down so far over his ears that he could not hear her.

He did not mean to be disobedient by running away. Mercy no! When he saw the driver chasing him, he was pleased and excited. To him it was just a game, like tag.

He ran up and down the street until the mistress came out of the house. He was so pleased to see her again that he ran panting up to her.

The mistress caught hold of the end of his neck ribbon and he fairly dragged her back to the auto. She could not help but laugh, he looked so funny.

The driver rescued his motor-cap and

goggles, while the mistress scolded Laura for having put them on Rover.

When they reached home once more Laura rushed into the library to find grandpa. She climbed upon his knee, while Rover stood up on his hind legs and clawed them both.

Grandpa was reading the "Home Page" of the newspaper and Laura begged him to read the children's story to her. He said:

"Yes, my dear, I will read it to you, if you will call off your dog and make him stop clawing me."

"I will hold him in my lap, Grandpa, and then he will be a good dog," replied Laura.

"Very well, I will hold both of you," laughed Grandpa, then he began to read:

"Once upon a time there was a big bear, who lived down in the forest by himself. He was a very selfish bear and none of the forest animals liked him. He was never known to do a kind act or to give anything away.

"One day this bear was returning home, after he had hunted for several hours, with a big piece of meat in his mouth.

"When he reached the creek, which he had to wade across, he found a poor deer lying on the sand and unable to walk, as he had hurt his leg very badly.

"The deer said, 'Please won't you bring me some water? I am so thirsty and hungry.'

"The bear looked down upon the deer and growled, 'Get your own water if you are thirsty. I am in a hurry to reach home and I cannot bother with you.'

"'But I cannot move and I am so hungry. Won't you please give me a piece of your meat?' begged the deer.

"'No,' snorted the bear and went on his way.

"Now it happened that a few weeks later the bear was out hunting again and he cut his foot very badly. He tried to limp

down to the creek, but he was so heavy and his foot hurt so much that he had to sit down.

“As he sat there, the deer came along. ‘What is the matter?’ he inquired.

“The bear showed him his foot and the deer said, ‘Just lean on me and I will help you down to the creek and then I will take you home.’

“So the bear leaned upon the deer and took a big drink of water. Then the deer helped him home and on the way the bear began to feel ashamed that he had been so unkind the day the poor deer was in trouble. He said:

“‘My friend, you have taught me a lesson. I see now how selfish and unkind I was to you and I wish to make up for it. Won’t you come and live with me always? I will share everything I have with you and I am sure that we will be very happy together. I mean never to be selfish again.’

"So the deer came to live with the bear and from that time on the bear became so unselfish that all of the forest animals grew to love him."

Rover listened to the story and was glad when it was finished, for he wanted a little attention himself. He climbed up onto the back of grandpa's chair.

"Just watch me jump over grandpa's head and never touch him!" boasted Rover.

He barked and jumped. Sure enough, he did not touch grandpa's head, but he landed right in the middle of the newspaper. His head and front legs went through the paper and he raced around and around the room until the paper was all torn to bits and he was free.

Laura and grandpa laughed and laughed, then Laura said:

"I am glad that we had finished the story before Rover tore our newspaper."

CHAPTER IV

DAYS and weeks went by until summer changed into winter. Rover had never seen snow before and when he awoke one morning and saw that the ground was all white, he thought that the milkman must have spilled all of his milk.

He barked and barked until he had awakened everyone in the house. He wanted to get out and lap up the milk, for he dearly loved milk.

The cook was the first one to come down stairs. She opened the door and Rover dashed out.

When his feet struck the cold snow he did not know what to make of it, but he quickly put out his long, red tongue and gathered in a big mouthful of the snow.

He was amazed to find that it was not

sweet like milk. He did not like it. It was cold and wet, but that was all.

He looked up and saw that the air was full of white flakes and now he noticed that his coat was getting all wet.

Just then Laura opened the window and called, "Rover, come in out of the snow!"

"Umph! umph!" thought Rover. "So this is snow. Ha! ha! This is a good joke on me. Bow wow!"

After breakfast, the nurse brought down Laura's sled from the attic, then she bundled Laura all up in a warm coat and furs, put a collar and leash upon Rover and away they went out to play in the snow.

What fun! what fun! There was a hill not far from the house and at the foot of this hill was a pond, which was now a solid sheet of ice.

When they reached the top of the hill, the nurse put Laura on the sled, gave her a push and away she sped as if the sled had wings.

Rover raced after her as fast as he could go. He barked every step of the way. Once he thought that he had caught up with her. He put out his foot to step onto the sled, but alas! it shot from under him and he fell right on his nose.

He tried to get up, but the hill was so steep and he was so fat and clumsy that he just rolled over and over down the hill. When he reached the bottom he looked like a great snowball.

When Laura saw him she laughed until she fell off from the sled and then she looked like a snowball herself.

The nurse picked her up, brushed her off and said, "Now Rover, you may draw the sled up the hill for us."

So Rover took the rope in his mouth and ran with the sled. He reached the top of the hill first, so he sat down on the sled to wait for Laura.

The moment he sat down, the sled began



THE SLED BEGAN TO START DOWN THE HILL

ANIMAL STORIES

start down the hill. Rover wanted to jump off, but he was afraid to do so. He had the fastest ride that he had ever had.

When Laura, the nurse and Rover were together again, Laura said, "Where are the skates? I would like to skate now."

The nurse took two pairs of skates out of a pretty bag. She put one pair on Laura and buckled the other pair on her own feet.

Rover had never seen skates before and he kept running around Laura in circles and wondering what those shiny things were for.

He soon found out, for Laura did not wait for the nurse. She sped away over the ice, calling after her:

"Come on, nurse, come on!"

The nurse slipped Rover's leash over her arm and started off. He ran all around the nurse, then started after Laura.

"Come on, nurse, come on!" barked the dog.

Poor nurse! the leash was wound so tightly about her that she could not move her feet. To make things worse, one skate strap broke. My, oh my!

She was so frightened that she dropped her umbrella and her muff. A small boy stood near by and at first he thought that it was all a good joke and he laughed, but when he saw poor nurse go spinning around in circles, he quickly skated over to her and caught Rover by the collar.

The nurse was saved a tumble. Then Laura took the leash and Rover pulled her all over the ice.

CHAPTER V

ONE day, the nurse, Laura and Rover went down on the pond to skate as usual. The sun was very bright and warm. So warm in fact that it had melted the ice and made it soft.

"I do not think that we should skate to-day," said the nurse. "I am afraid that the ice is not safe."

"Oh, it is all right," replied Laura. "See, the boys are skating and playing tag. I am sure that the ice is safe enough."

Laura fastened on her skates and was off before the nurse was ready. The nurse called out to her to wait, but the wind was blowing and Laura was going so fast that she did not hear her.

Rover was right at her heels. He thought the ice was nicer than ever before, as it was

soft enough for him to dig his toe nails in, and he did not slide wildly about.

Laura thought the boys were so rough in their game that she would skate as far away from them as possible.

As she sped along, she did not notice that the ice was getting thinner and thinner. Rover felt it giving and quivering beneath him. He stopped and barked for Laura to turn back, but she only laughed and said:

“Come on, Rover! I will race you to the end of the pond.”

She instantly started to skate faster and in her eagerness to win the race did not see a hole right in front of her. She skated into it and went down into the water.

When Rover saw her disappear, he gave a dreadful howl and dashed up to the edge of the hole. He laid down on the ice and leaned out over the water as far as he could.

Suddenly Laura came up and Rover

grabbed her coat sleeve in his strong teeth and held her. He tried to drag her up onto the ice, but he could not.

The nurse saw Laura go down through the hole and she screamed to the boys for help. They rushed to the spot and quickly pulled Laura up onto the ice.

The boys took off their overcoats and wrapped her up, then they carried her home. She smiled at them and said:

"You are very kind to me and I am grateful to you all for taking me out of the water, but I wish that you would let me walk. I am all right and I want to walk home with Rover. He caught me first, you know."

"No, you cannot walk," cried the nurse. "I took off your wet shoes and stockings and wrapped your feet in my scarf. You let the boys carry you and I will carry Rover myself and walk right beside you."

After that nothing was too good for

Rover. He was a hero and every one adored him.

One day the mistress surprised them all by saying that they were going to leave town and go to a Southern sea-side resort, where they would spend the rest of the winter.

Laura was delighted and instantly began to pack up her dolls and their clothes. Rover was uneasy until he was put in the baggage car with the trunks, then he was sure that he would not be forgotten. He was more than happy when Laura came and took him out of the baggage car and told him that their journey was over.

Several days after their arrival, Laura begged the nurse to take her on a picnic, so the mistress ordered a nice lunch to be packed and down to the beach they went to spend the day.

They found a nice place under a big tree and Laura said, "Nurse, put the lunch basket down and please read me a story."

The nurse put up the umbrella to keep the wind from blowing the pages of the book and began to read to Laura.

Now, Rover was hungry after his walk and he thought it was very strange that Laura and the nurse did not eat at once. He laid down in front of the basket and waited. At last he said to himself:

“It is silly to wait for those folks. I’ll eat my lunch now.”

He pulled the white table-cloth out onto the sand and laid out all the good things, and then began to eat as fast as he could.

Just then the wind blew the umbrella away from the nurse and Laura jumped up to catch it. When she saw what Rover had done, she scolded him well and called him a “greedy dog.” Laura and the nurse had to go back to the hotel for their lunch.

CHAPTER VI

LAURA had several little wooden sailboats, which an old sailor made for her and she loved to sail them in the water when it was smooth enough.

Rover thought it great fun also and when the wind would take a boat out farther than Laura could wade, he would swim out, take the boat in his mouth and bring it back to her.

One day, Laura dressed up four of her small dolls in sailor suits and put them in her largest boat, then set the boat upon the water and pushed it off. The wind filled the tiny sail and away went the dolls for a lovely ride.

Of course Laura had a long string tied to the boat and she ran along the beach beside it.

Suddenly she caught her toe in a piece of sea-weed and fell down. The string broke and the boat with its load of gay dolls went sailing away out into the ocean.

Rover saw the accident and without waiting to be asked, jumped into the water and swam after the boat.

Now, Rover never thought that the dolls might fall out of the boat if he were not careful. He struck the boat with his paw and it turned over on its side and all of the dolls went head first right into the water.

Laura screamed, "Never mind the boat! Save my dolls. Save my dolls!"

But Rover was rapidly swimming to shore with the boat in his mouth and he kept right on coming until he dropped it at Laura's feet.

"You are a naughty dog to tip the boat over and drown my dolls," cried Laura.

Poor Rover! He did not like to see Laura cry and he dropped his head in

shame. Like a flash he had an idea. His head went up in the air once more. He barked, wagged his tail and jumped into the water again.

He swam out to the spot where the boat had tipped over and dove down, down to the bottom of the water. There on the sand he saw the dolls. He picked up two of them and took them to Laura, and then went back for the other two.

When he had dropped all four dolls at Laura's feet she hugged both the dolls and Rover to her. She did not mind a bit that they were wet. She loved them all so much.

Just then the nurse called: "Come, Laura. It is time to go in bathing."

"Oh, goodie, oh, goodie!" laughed Laura as she gathered up her dolls and boat and hurried to the bath-house to get into her bathing suit.

Very soon, she and the nurse were on the

beach once more, and as they waded out into the cold water, Laura would jump up and down, screaming and laughing.

Of course Rover swam beside Laura and once, when she fell down in the water, he grabbed her arm and began pulling her to shore.

At last the nurse said, "You have stayed in the water long enough now. You go to the bath-house and I will be there in a minute."

Laura waded to shore and skipped along the beach. Rover ran after her and tried to catch her toes. It was all in fun, of course.

Laura reached the bath-house first. She rushed in and slammed the door in Rover's face, so he turned and went back to the water for the nurse.

She was just starting to run to the bath-house to help Laura and Rover thought it was all for his benefit, so he tried to catch at her heels.



ROVER RAN BARKING AROUND AND AROUND HER

"Run faster, nurse, or I'll catch you yet!" barked Rover.

The nurse did not know whether to run or to stop, but when Rover actually did catch one foot, she sat down very suddenly, hid both feet under her, and began to scold Rover.

The dog ran barking around and around her, until Laura heard him and called him away. Laura said:

"You must not be cross with Rover. That is his way of having a good time. The faster you ran, the more fun it was for him and he thought you were enjoying it too."

Then the nurse laughed as she got up and shook the sand from her bathing suit.

"All right," she said. "I will forgive you this time, Rover, but next time you want to chase any one, just get after Laura, or any-one who is younger and has more breath than I have."

CHAPTER VII

THE next afternoon there was a children's party at the hotel. The nurse dressed Laura in her best clothes and she looked so sweet and pretty that Rover could not take his eyes off of her.

He felt very sad, for he knew quite well that he could not go to the party with Laura. Whenever she wore that dress he had to stay at home alone.

Laura kissed Rover good-bye and said, "Now you must be a good dog and stay right here and watch my dolls for me."

Rover sighed and thumped his tail three times on the floor. That always meant, "I will be good and do as you wish."

Laura danced out of the room and Rover crawled under the bed.

It seemed to him that he had been there for years when the door opened and the nurse hurried in to get something that Laura had forgotten.

As she rushed out of the room, she did not close the door tightly. Rover felt the fresh sea breeze and longed to be out on the beach.

He slipped out of the room and ran down the long hall. "I will try and find Laura. Perhaps she will go to the beach with me," he thought.

He looked into every room that he found open, but he could not find little Laura. He went up and sniffed at some children, but they were frightened and ran screaming to their mothers.

A servant saw him wandering about and put him outdoors. Poor little Rover. He did not know what to do or where to go. He wandered up and down the porch with tears in his eyes.

Suddenly he had a happy thought, "Perhaps Laura is already down on the beach. I will go and see."

Away he ran as fast as his short legs would carry him. He raced up and down the beach with his nose close to the sand, trying to get her scent and track her.

He went every place that they had ever been together, but he could not find her. In his despair, he ran on and on. He never once thought that he might become lost.

At last he sat down to rest. He looked about and everything was so strange to him, that he was frightened. He barked and barked but he received no answer, and then he howled and a sea-gull came flying over to him, and said:

"What is the trouble? I never saw you before. Where do you live?"

"That is just the trouble," cried Rover. I do not know where I live. I am lost."

"Oh, cheer up," advised the sea-gull. "We will find your home all right."

"Have you seen Laura and the nurse?" inquired Rover. "I was hunting for them when I lost my way."

"No. I have not seen them this afternoon, but I know them and if you will wait here, I will try and find them for you. I can fly faster than you can run, so you wait until I return," replied the sea-gull.

Rover waited and waited until he became tired of sitting still. He decided to see what was beyond a big sand dune.

He ran up the sand dune and when he reached the top, what do you suppose he saw? The cutest little baby ducks.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rover. "We are all surprised."

Indeed the little ducks were surprised. They had never seen a dog before and they did not know whether he was a friend or a foe.

They decided not to take a chance and ran as fast as their funny feet would carry them down the side of the sand dune.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROVER called after the little ducks, "Stop! do not run away. I will not hurt you."

But the little ducks only ran the faster and quacked the louder in their fright. Their wings were about as funny as their feet and they flapped them up and down all the time to help themselves along.

Rover found it very hard to run in the sand, for it was so fine and deep that his feet sank way down into it. He had to bound and jump along.

At first he only intended to play with the little ducks, but as he ran after them he thought it was great fun and he began to chase them in earnest.

He forgot all about Laura and he also

forgot that he was to wait for the sea-gull to return.

The little ducks said to one another, "If only we can reach the water first, then we can swim and get away from this dreadful animal."

They did not know that Rover could swim just about as well as they could. Rover never once thought of the water, for he did not know that it was natural for ducks to live and swim in the water.

On and on they went and all the time Rover was driving them farther and farther inland and away from the water.

It seemed to him that they just ran up and down one sand dune after another. It did not occur to him that he was going farther away from Laura and the hotel, with every jump and bound that he made.

At last he called out to the ducks, "Stop running! Let us sit down and rest awhile."

One little duck replied, "Stop running

yourself. We do not care to rest while you are around."

Rover laughed to himself, for he began to like the idea that they were afraid of him. He felt very big and important.

If you had asked why he chased the harmless little ducks, he could not have given you a good reason. He did not know himself, but I will tell you.

It is just born in a dog to love to hunt wild birds and animals. They call it "dog nature" and it was so strong in Rover that like many a wiser dog, he forgot home and duty. He thought of nothing but the fun he was having.

He said to himself, "If they will not rest, then I will not. Surely I can run as far as they can, even if I cannot run as fast."

One little duck said to his brother, "We will fool that dog. We will run around the foot of the next sand dune and keep on going until we reach the cliffs."



"HELP! HELP!" QUACKED THE DUCKS

"That will be splendid," answered the brother. "I know that Mother Duck went over that way this morning to hunt for something to eat. We will find her and she will help us."

They were so pleased with themselves that they laughed. Rover heard them and he wondered what the joke could be. He never guessed that the joke was to be on him.

However, Rover did notice that they went around the foot of the next sand dune and he was delighted over it, for he had climbed so many of them that he was all out of breath. He was running with his tongue out and it was all covered with sand and becoming very dry.

All at once he saw a high wall of rock ahead of them. He wondered if they would climb that or what would happen. He soon found out, for the little ducks ran up to the rocks and sat down.

"Help! help!" quacked the ducks.

Rover caught up with them. He sat down in front of them and licked his chops.

“Ha! ha!” he laughed. “You were foolish little ducks to stop here. I can eat you or do anything that I like with you. You cannot get away from me now.”

The little ducks did not answer him. They just threw back their heads and quacked:

“Help! help!”

“It will do you no good to call for help,” said Rover. “There is no one near here but ourselves.”

Poor Rover! He did not know that Mother Duck was just behind the rocks and that she had heard her children call for help and was on the way to aid them as fast as her strong wings could carry her.

CHAPTER IX

THE three little ducks saw her coming, but they did not tell Rover, for they did not want him to run away before Mother Duck arrived, so they still quacked:

“Help! help!”

Just then Rover heard the whirr-r, whirr-r, whirr-r of Mother Duck’s wings as she flew near them. He quickly looked up and there she was right over his head.

He wanted to run away, but he knew there was not time enough for that now. Mother Duck dropped to the ground right beside him and asked:

“Who are you and what have you done to my babies?”

“My name is Rover and I live with Laura in the big hotel that is somewhere

near here. Can you tell me how to find my way back?" questioned Rover.

"Yes, I know where that hotel is. I have seen it many times in my travels, but I am not going to tell you where it is right now."

"No. Do not tell him. He is a bad dog and chased us," cried one little duck.

"Yes, he chased and chased and chased us," cried the other two little ducks.

"I did not harm them though," said Rover. "In fact I told them that I would not hurt them at the very start of the chase."

"Is this true?" inquired Mother Duck of her children.

They all nodded their heads at once, which meant, "Yes, it is true."

"Well then, what is all of this fuss about? Why can't you all be friends and play together, instead of acting like this?" questioned Mother Duck.

For a moment the little ducks hung their

heads and looked foolish, then one of them said:

“He told us just before you came that he could eat us or do anything that he liked with us now, for he thought that we were up against the rocks and could not get away from him.”

Mother Duck’s eyes shot fire and she rumped up her feathers until they stood straight up all about her.

She jumped up and down in the sand and flapped her wings wildly in the air, as she screamed:

“So you are a wicked dog after all and did intend to eat my little ducks!”

Poor Rover was frightened and kept backing away and backing away until he found himself up against the rocks and then he did not know what to do.

“You need not try to run away just yet, for I am not through with you,” quacked Mother Duck.

"Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow!" barked Rover. "I want to see my little Laura."

"Well, you can't see Laura now and perhaps you may never see her again," said Mother Duck.

Rover threw his head back and howled, "ow-wow-ow! ow-wow-ow!"

Mother Duck turned to her children and asked, "What shall we do with him?"

The three little ducks looked at one another and then all cried together:

"Chase him, like he chased us."

"If you must chase me, please chase me toward home," begged Rover.

"I will chase you so far that you never can come back here again," quacked Mother Duck.

Rover did not wait to hear any more. He jumped right over Mother Duck's back and ran. He did not know whether

it was in the direction of home that he ran or not. He hoped that it was.

The last that he saw of the three little ducks they were dancing upon the sand and flapping their wings in delight, as they watched their mother start after Rover.

“I wish that I never had seen those horrid little ducks in the first place,” thought Rover as he ran.

CHAPTER X

MOTHER Duck chased him over the sand until they came to the hard beach. On and on over the beach they ran, until at last Mother Duck headed him straight into the water.

Rover was glad, for he did not know that Mother Duck could swim and he thought that he would now get away from her.

He was greatly mistaken, for Mother Duck flew over the water and kept even with him. If he slackened speed even a little, she would swoop down as if she meant to land on top of him.

You can well imagine that Rover did not take any chance of her landing on his back. No indeed. He paddled with all four feet and wished that he had six feet if it would make him swim any faster.

At last he became so tired that he cried, "Aren't you ever going to let me stop?"

"Did you let my little ducks stop when they were tired?" asked Mother Duck.

"They could have stopped if they had wanted to do so, but they were silly and kept right on going," replied Rover.

Now, it happened that just a little while before this, two little boys were playing on the beach with a wooden shoe.

They were digging a very deep well on the beach and the sand which they took from this well, they put in the old wooden shoe and floated it out into the water and then dumped it.

After they had dumped the last load, they found that water was coming up into the hole and they were so excited that they forgot about the wooden shoe and it drifted away from them.

Mother Duck was thinking deeply over Rover's words and was wondering if she

was not rather hard on him. She was just beginning to wish that she had chased him towards home, when she saw a wooden object bobbing up and down on the water.

"Whatever can that be?" she asked Rover.

"I do not know and I do not care," replied the tired little dog.

"We will swim toward it and find out what it is, and what is in it," said Mother Duck.

"I cannot swim any farther," gasped Rover. "I can only float."

Mother Duck looked down at him and her mother heart was touched by his tired, sad little face.

"Very well," she said, "you float and I will go alone and see what that strange thing is. Maybe it is something that will help you."

Away she flew and she was so surprised to find a wooden shoe out there in the

water, that she quacked three times. As she hurried back to Rover, she called:

“Come on! I have found something for you to ride in.”

Rover tried to paddle, but his strokes were so feeble that he did not move in the water. He just stayed right in the same place.

Mother Duck saw his trouble, so she dropped down onto the water, took hold of the ribbon, which the nurse had tied about his neck, and dragged him along with her to the wooden shoe.

When they reached it, she flew into the air and lifted Rover up out of the water with her strong bill and dropped him into the wooden shoe, saying:

“This is just as good as a boat and I am going to leave you now. You will drift along and the tide will land you somewhere on the beach. Good-bye!”

Rover watched her fly from his sight and

he was glad when he could see her no more, for he really was afraid of her.

But when he was alone, he began to think of Laura and he wished, my, how he wished that he had been a good dog and obeyed her and stayed in the room and watched her dolls.

"I am so lonesome!" howled Rover.

The more he howled the more lonesome he became, but somehow he did not know what else to do, so he just howled anyway.

The water was so still and it seemed to Rover that he did not move a bit. There was not a wave in sight.

"Oh, tide, please come along and make my boat drift to shore, as Mother Duck promised me that you would," howled Rover.

CHAPTER XI

HOURS and hours went by. It seemed to Rover that it was days and days. He wondered what Laura was doing and if she knew that he was lost.

He grew tired of sitting in one place so long and tried to move, but his little boat rocked about so wildly that he thought surely it would tip over. He did not want to be in the water again, so he sighed and sat still once more.

All at once he saw a fish pop out of the water and fly through the air. He was so surprised that he nearly fell out of the boat.

And as he looked, about a dozen fish flew through the air after the first fish. Rover was so excited that he put out his tongue and panted.

"Hello! hello!" barked Rover.

The leader of the flying-fish noticed Rover for the first time and turned to fly over to him. He was as surprised to see a dog floating about in a wooden shoe, as Rover had been, seeing him fly through the air.

When the fish was abreast of the wooden shoe, and settled down into the water again, Rover said:

"I never knew before that fish could fly like birds."

"Very few fish can fly," replied the flying-fish. "We have wing-like fins in our family and that is why we are able to fly."

"It must be great fun to sail through the air as you were doing," said Rover.

"Yes, it is fun and then, too, we see a great many things that other fish, which have to stay in the water all of the time, never have a chance to see," answered the flying-fish.

"Do you ever see any boats around here?" inquired Rover.

"Oh, yes, a great many of them. They pass here every day," replied the flying-fish.

"Oh, goodie!" barked Rover. "Perhaps one will come along soon and the sailors will rescue me and take me back to Laura."

"Who is Laura?" asked the flying-fish.

"Who is Laura?" cried Rover. "Why she is the dearest little girl in the whole world."

Then Rover told the flying-fish his whole story and the flying-fish felt so sorry for the little lost dog that he began to plan to help him to get back to Laura.

At last he said, "I know where a seagull lives. I will go and bring him to you. Perhaps he knows where Laura lives and will take you to her."

The flying-fish hurried away and it was

not long before he returned with the sea-gull.

Just for a moment Rover thought that the sea-gull was the same one that he had seen on shore and he called out:

“Hello! hello, sea-gull! Did you find Laura?”

But when the sea-gull answered him, he knew that this was another sea-gull. It was no wonder that he was mistaken, for all sea-gulls look so much alike.

When the sea-gull told Rover that he did not know the way to Laura, the poor dog was so discouraged and desperate that he decided not to wait any longer for the tide or a boat with sailors to help him.

Just as the sea-gull was about to fly away, Rover gave a leap and grabbed his tail. The sea-gull gave a terrible screech and flew higher and higher.

Although the feathers flew Rover held

on tight and soared through the air after the great bird.

"I wonder where we are going," thought Rover.

The sea-gull flew way up into the clouds and once when Rover looked down, he thought that the ocean was miles beneath him.

He took a better hold of the sea-gull's tail and hoped that he would not fall.

CHAPTER XII

THE sea-gull flew on and on, until Rover wondered if the sea-gull had forgotten how to stop his great wings.

At last he saw something green ahead of him and he knew that it must be land. He could not ask the sea-gull, for if he opened his mouth to speak, he would lose hold of the tail and fall into the water.

Suddenly the sea-gull began to fly lower and lower, until Rover could plainly see that the green "something" was an island.

In a few minutes more they had landed on this island. Rover did not know whether the sea-gull would be angry and punish him for the trick he had played on him or not.

He prepared to run or fight, or do whatever seemed best, but to his surprise the

sea-gull was not angry with him a bit. In fact he was pleased with himself, and said:

“Isn’t this a lovely island? I spend a good deal of my time here and I like it the best of any place that I know.”

Rover looked about and it was all so strange to him that he felt very homesick, but he did not want to seem ungrateful to the sea-gull, who had brought him here.

“It is a very pretty place and I am sure that it is a nice place for you to live,” replied Rover. “But what are those strange animals over there?”

“They look like big, shaggy dogs, don’t they? Well, they are not. They are foxes,” answered the sea-gull.

“Will they be friendly toward me?” inquired Rover.

They looked very big and wild to him and he thought that he had better find out

something about them, before they came any nearer to him.

“Would you like to go over and talk to them?” asked the sea-gull.

“Yes. I need friends. Perhaps they will let me live with them,” said Rover.

The foxes were very curious to know all about Rover, but they never made a move to come to him. They just waited until the sea-gull and Rover came to them.

After they had all been introduced to one another, one of the foxes said, “You must be very thirsty, Rover. We know where there is a spring of lovely fresh water. Wouldn’t you like some?”

Water was the very thing that Rover longed for. Of course he could not drink the salty water in the ocean and he was very, very thirsty.

“Oh, thank you,” replied Rover. “I am very hungry and thirsty. Please take me to the spring.”

"After you have had your drink of water, we will take you to our home and give you something to eat," promised another fox.

When they reached the spring, Rover drank and drank of the cool, fresh water. He thought that water had never tasted so good before.

Then he went home with the foxes and they gave him a good dinner. While he was eating, the queerest animal that he had ever seen hopped in through the door.

"This is Mrs. Kangaroo," said the fox to Rover.

"And this is Rover," said the other fox to Mrs. Kangaroo.

"This little dog is lost and from now on he is going to live here with us," explained the fox.

"That is very nice, I am sure, and just as soon as he is through eating, I will take

him for a ride around the island," replied Mrs. Kangaroo.

When Rover was ready, Mrs. Kangaroo picked him up and put him in her pouch, where she always carried her own babies, then away she hopped.

"This is easier than walking," smiled Rover.

Day after day, Mrs. Kangaroo took Rover about with her in her pouch and he grew to love her and the foxes very much.

The sea-gull went away and was gone a long time. One morning he returned and said that he had seen Laura and would take Rover to her. So Rover said good-bye to his kind friends, grabbed hold of the sea-gull's tail and sailed back home behind him.

At last they saw the hotel in the distance and sitting on the beach were Laura and nurse. My, what a happy meeting it was, when Rover dropped down beside Laura!

He could not kiss her enough or promise her often enough that he would always obey her after this.

Rover kept his word and from that time on became a model dog. He never wandered away from Laura again.



The Camel and The Leopard

The Camel and The Leopard

MR. CAMEL was feeling pretty good. He had just returned from a long trip to get a drink of water, and now he wouldn't have to drink again for at least a week. Just think of that, my young friends! You can scarcely go five hours without a drink. But Mr. Camel is quite different from you. He has a way of storing up water for future use; and it is lucky he has, for out on these burning sands water is not met with often.

Well, Mr. Camel had had his drink, and now the next thing was to get something to eat. He strolled about, eating the scant blades of tough grass, and at length came in sight of a nice thorny bunch of thistles growing close to a ledge of rocks. These just suited Mr. Camel, and he began to

feast on them. So intent was he in this occupation, that he never looked up to see what was on top of the rocks. Had he done so, I guess he would have let the thistles go, and made off for safer quarters. But he didn't look up, so I shall have to tell you what happened. But first let us look up.

There, on top of the ledge, licking his paw, and passing it over his ear, just like a big cat, sat a most beautiful spotted animal; and I know the little boys and girls who read this will say at once, "It's a leopard." Yes, that's just what it was, and a hungry leopard, too; for he had been unable to breakfast that morning, as game was scarce. So he sat on the top of the ledge, just waiting for something to come along that would serve him for a meal; and when Mr. Camel came walking straight toward him, he was pleased enough. Of course the camel was rather large for Mr. Leopard to

attack; but he was hungry, and that made him rather reckless.

So, as Mr. Camel came near, Mr. Leopard crouched low, and made ready for a spring, his spotted tail switching from side to side. He thought, what a grand feast he and Mrs. Leopard would have, and how together they would drag Mr. Camel round to the back of the hedge, where their cave was, and where four little leopard kittens rolled and played all day long. In fact, Mr. Leopard had quite a day-dream, and built a fine castle in the air while Mr. Camel was slowly coming nearer and nearer all the time. At last Mr. Camel was close at hand, and was beginning to eat the thistle.

Now was Mr. Leopard's chance. He launched himself through the air like a streak straight at Mr. Camel's high hump. Quick as a flash, the Camel turned and was off; and, had he been a second quicker, Mr. Leopard would have failed. As it was, in-

stead of landing on the hump of Mr. Camel, he just barely caught on his thigh, while Mr. Camel dragged him away over the sand at a swift pace, hoping that he would drop off at any minute. Mr. Leopard hung on, however, and at last the pain of his claws, and the fact that he couldn't be shaken off, made Mr. Camel decide to fight.

Mr. Camel grunted and puffed, Mr. Leopard roared, while they both tumbled over each other, and whizzed around, until they saw all kinds of comets and stars, and it seemed as if there were at least a dozen animals there instead of two; and the way they bumped their backs against the ground would make yours ache just to think of it, and the cloud of dust they raised made it look as if there was a fire mixed up in the fight. But this couldn't last long. The dust began to settle, and out of it stepped as sleek and dapper an animal as one could wish to see. He had Mr. Camel's long

neck; but it had been straightened out and raised proudly aloft; while the head had been changed slightly, and was crowned with two small horns, the hump of Mr. Camel had disappeared, and, instead, was a smooth, rounded body, which sloped sharply down from the high shoulders to the hind-legs; instead of the camel's rough hair, he was covered with a satin-like glossy coat, marked with the beautiful spots of Mr. Leopard. In fact, his name henceforth was both Camel and Leopard, and ever since then he has been called camelopard; but I suppose most of my young friends know him by his other name of "giraffe," and have seen him alive in the circus or zoological gardens, and I am quite sure you can tell where he lives. What? Yes, Africa is right. But I wonder if you know that he is the tallest animal in the world? Well, he is, and has been known to hold his head twenty feet above the ground—a pretty high-headed old fellow, you are

thinking. But not all of them are as tall. The most of his tribe measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in height.

He seldom eats anything from the ground, most of his food being the leaves of trees, which he easily reaches, his tongue being long and slender, enabling him to twist it around the foliage, and pull it into his mouth. His eyes are set in his head in such a way that he can see all around without turning it in the least, so that you can easily see it is very hard to get close to him, and the hunter who succeeds in killing or capturing one must be very skillful and cautious. Sometimes he is hunted on horseback; and, although he is not a graceful runner, he gets over the ground at a rapid pace. If he is not caught in the first five minutes, it is useless to try any longer, as he will then out-distance almost any horse.

Many people think that the giraffe's fore-legs are longer than his hind-legs.

But this is not so. In fact, it is just the other way. But the peculiar slope of his body gives him that look.

Although the giraffe is such a queer-looking animal, he is very gentle and harmless, unless driven to fight for his life. Then indeed he proves to be a dangerous foe, as he kicks with his hind-legs, and strikes with his fore-feet; and so powerful is he that one blow would instantly kill a man. In fact, he often beats off the lion, and it is seldom that the "king of beasts" will attack him in the open, but waits by some pool, and springs upon our long-necked friend while he is drinking. Then, of course, the struggle is short, as he is unable to protect himself with kicks from his strong legs, the bones of which are solid instead of having a hollow inside filled with marrow, like other animals, which is perhaps the reason he can strike such a heavy blow.

Mr. Monkey Learns a Lesson

Mr. Monkey Learns a Lesson

THE sun was shining hot and bright over the shimmering desert sand. Everything was quiet, and not a sign of any living thing could be seen. Suddenly there was a rustle in the top of a tall palm tree; and the quaint, comical face of a monkey appeared among the green leaves. He looked carefully around the wide stretch of sand, broken only by a pool of rapidly drying water. At length his gaze wandered to one spot, and rested there. He climbed down to the ground, and started rapidly past the pool of water toward the spot in the sand at which he had been looking. Hippity-hoppity, hop, he went with the funny walk which monkeys have, and at last he came to an ostrich nest—a shallow hole scooped in the sand; and in it

were five large white eggs, about the size of a good big cocoanut.

Mrs. Ostrich was away, and had left her eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Mr. Monkey tucked an egg under each arm and made off with them.

Now, it so happened that Mrs. Ostrich had not gone so very far, only about three miles, to where a caravan had camped the day before, where she found and ate a horse-shoe, six nails, a bolt, a broken knife with an ivory handle, a belt buckle with some of the leather strap still attached, and, best of all, about a yard of rusty chain. The last she found rested quite heavily on her stomach, so she decided to return to her nest for a few hours' rest. When she arrived, great was her grief to find that two of her precious eggs were gone. One quick glance around, and she saw Mr. Monkey's footprints in the sand.

Then you should have seen Mrs. Ostrich

go! My! my! but she did run! No horse or dog could ever have kept up with her for a moment. Even an automobile would have been unable to keep pace with her unless the chauffeur put on high speed. Over the rolling sand of the desert she went, never pausing even for an instant; and it was not long, you may be sure, before she caught sight of Mr. Monkey carrying the two eggs, one under each arm.

The monkey heard the rapid "thud, thud," of her feet on the sand, and, glancing back, saw the enraged Mrs. Ostrich coming swiftly on his track. And then how he did run!

As Mrs. Ostrich caught up with him, her powerful beak closed with a snap upon his long tail. My! but she did pinch! just like a steel trap! And Mr. Monkey gave such a howl that I guess it could have been heard a mile away! He dropped the

eggs; but their thick shells kept them from breaking.

Poor Mr. Monkey! He was in the clutches of Mrs. Ostrich, and he was sure that death would be the result. Tears came into his eyes as he thought of his mother, and he wished that he had staid at home and helped her instead of starting out as a thief, and disgracing his family and tribe.

Now, it so happened that Mrs. Ostrich had raised a number of children of her own, and she had a real good, motherly heart; so, when she saw the eggs were not broken, and that Mr. Monkey was rather young, she remembered her own little ones had often been mischievous. So she decided not to hurt him very much, but to give him a punishment that would teach him a lesson. She still held him by the tail, but did not pinch him quite so hard.

At last Mrs. Ostrich hit upon a plan.

She knew that monkeys dislike getting wet, even more than a cat does; and what do you suppose she did? She held on to his tail, lifted him up from the ground and swung him around her head.

Poor little monkey! he was so frightened that he did not even cry out. His heart was like a lump in his throat, and he was sure that his last hour had come. Swifter, swifter, and swifter, the great bird swung him around. Everything became blurred to his sight; he was dizzy with the rapid motion; and then suddenly Mrs. Ostrich let go, and Mr. Monkey sailed through the air in a great curve, and fell—splash!—into the water. Down and out of sight he went—it seemed to him as though it was a hundred feet; but really it was only about fifteen inches; and, when he came to the surface, how he did sputter and flounder! But he soon found that the water was shallow enough for him to scramble out, and he lost no time in reaching the shore.

Slowly he crept away to his home in the tall palm; and so well did he learn the lesson, that, ever after, Mr. Monkey was very careful to be honest, and, whenever tempted, always remembered that it never 'pays to be a thief.

Jocko Traps a Lion

Jocko Traps a Lion

FAR away in the wilds of Africa, there once lived a lively little monkey named Jocko. He frisked through the branches of the tall trees, and lived a very happy life. Sometimes he would descend to the ground to hunt for roots and berries; and several times, while he was doing so, he had come very near losing his life, for not far away, in the deepest part of the jungle, lived a large lion and his family. Mr. Lion was always looking for something for his family to eat, and a nice tender little monkey like Jocko would make a splendid side-dish to a fine fat deer, and would please the little lions very much.

Jocko so far had managed to escape unhurt; and, as he was a light-hearted little fellow, it did not seem to worry him much.

Still, he did think of it at times, and he often wondered how he could get even with Mr. Lion. True, he could and did make faces at him as the great lion stalked valiantly beneath the trees, and sometimes he would pretend to fall, but would catch by his tail, and wave his arms and legs in monkey fashion at the strong old lion, and call him "Shaggy Mane! Shaggy Mane!"

Mr. Lion would look up at him with a low growl, and, shaking his mane, would pass on.

One fine spring day Jocko wandered through the tree-tops to a place he had never been before. There was a wide, open space, with a few low bushes and shrubs here and there. He had never seen a place like it, and he quickly swung down to the ground. At first he did not go far from the safety of his friends, the trees; and two or three times he darted up into them when he thought he heard a soft foot-fall or the

snap of a twig; but, as nothing came into view, he got bolder, and soon was running all over the open ground. He came to a large old log which was hollow. He looked into it, and then entered it.

“How nice and dry it would be for a nest!” he said to himself, in monkey language, “if only it were in the tree-tops, where it would be safe.”

He went into the log for quite a distance, and then discovered there was a hollow limb like a chimney sticking out of the top, the opening to which was just large enough for him to squeeze through; and in a moment more he was in the bright sunlight on top of the log.

This was fine, and he thought he would try it again; but, just as he was about to enter, Mr. Lion—who, as usual, was looking about for something to eat—crept up behind the little monkey.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed to himself. “I

have him at last!" and uttering a roar of delight he sprang at Jocko.

Now, Jocko was a monkey of quick action; and, while Mr. Lion was still sailing through the air, Mr. Monkey disappeared inside the hollow log.

Mr. Lion was surprised at this sudden escape of his dinner, and paused to sniff around the log, in fear of some kind of a trap; but seeing that it was just an old log, and big enough for him to squeeze into, he promptly went in after Mr. Jocko, quite sure now that he could catch him. But Jocko was already half-way out of the hollow limb, and could see Mr. Lion's back and waving his tail as he pushed his way into the log.

On seeing the long tail, a fine idea came to Mr. Monkey. Quickly wriggling his way out of the limb, he ran nimbly along the top of the log until he reached the end into which Mr. Lion was entering. By this time

the lion had almost arrived at the end of the hollow, and his body was nearly all inside the log. He was puzzled to find that Jocko had disappeared so completely; but, noticing a light above his head, he saw how he had escaped. Then he was angry, and started to back out. But Jocko had not wasted his time on the top of the log. He had reached out and tied Mr. Lion's tail securely to the stub of a branch; and, as the lion started to back out, he found he was tied fast. How he did wriggle and twist and turn! and he could just barely get his head out by bending his body almost double; and then such a twist as it did give to his tail!

Mr. Lion pulled and pulled and pulled, until he was sure his tail would come off if he did not stop; and all this time Jocko sat and watched him with a broad grin on his face.

At last Mr. Lion quieted down some, and then Jocko began to have real fun with

him. He got a long piece of grass, and tickled old Shaggy Mane's nose.

"Just wait till I catch you," said the enraged lion.

"You may never get away," replied the monkey. "How would you like to stay there until you starve?"

This set Mr. Lion to thinking, and he began to be both hungry and thirsty; so he thought he would try to gain his freedom by promises as long as he could not get it by force.

"Jocko," he then said, "you and I are old neighbors, and all my trying to catch you was just fun. I was only joking. I think a great deal of you and your family; so why can't we be friends, and live in peace?"

Jocko listened, and then replied:

"Mr. Lion, you never said such fair words before, and you only say them now because you find that you are a prisoner.

I never harmed you; but you always have tried to catch me, and I know only too well that you would eat me for dinner if you could. Now it is getting dark, and I am going home. You must stay here all night; and in the morning I will come to see you, then, if you feel kindly toward me, I will let you go."

Jocko knew, if he did let Mr. Lion go the next morning, that the old lion would catch him before he could get away, and that he was not to be trusted for a moment. Still, he did not want the shaggy old fellow to stay there all night; so on his way home he stopped, and from the safety of a tree-top told Mrs. Lion all about her husband's plight.

Mrs. Lion was very angry at first; but, when she thought of Mr. Lion tied by the tail, she laughed until tears ran from her eyes, then she started off, and soon found Mr. Lion, and let him go.

Shaggy Mane was very meek, and listened very quietly to what she said; for he had learned this lesson—never to torment or hurt the weak, for they might be in power some time, and hold his welfare in their hands. So ever after he and Jocko were the best of friends and the most peaceable of neighbors.

King Monkey

King Monkey

ONE day a Billy Goat was straying about, searching for new things. Finally he came quite near to the edge of the forest, where suddenly he noticed a rather good-sized monkey sitting on a large stone. He was used to the baboons of the foothills, so he paid no great attention to him, not even when the monkey got down from the stone, and came toward him, for Billy was quite an expert fighter, and was not afraid of anything if it was near his size. In fact, of his own accord, he came nearer, for he wanted to know why the monkey was making signs and talking to some of his kind in the trees.

However, Mr. Monkey had an object in view, which he and his friends were anxious to try; and this was what it was:

Several nights before, a party of hunters had camped near there, and the monkeys had collected around in the trees to watch and listen to what they said and did. One of the party, a young man, had a new badge on his coat lapel, and the rest were joking him about it, and asking "if he had a hard time riding the goat." One of the monkeys who had lived with the white men knew their language, and told the rest what they said; so, when he told them about the goat-riding, they were all anxious to see if they could ride one. That was the reason they all were sitting in the trees this fine morning, watching their king, who was to try to ride Billy.

By this time Billy was quite close to the king monkey, who suddenly gave a long spring, and landed squarely on Billy's back, grasping firmly, with his feet and hands, Billy's long hair. To say that Billy was surprised would be putting it mildly; for no such thing ever had happened to him be-

fore. He stood still for about a minute; and then, bounding into the air, he bucked and kicked like a wild horse.

But the king monkey stuck like a burr; and Billy knew that he would have to try some other method to rid himself of this saucy monkey, whose friends were wild with delight at their king's success. They did not know that Billy had but just begun, and that he would try their champion's skill to remain on his back. Besides, Billy had begun to see through the trick, and he entered into the trial of skill with heart and soul. He tried running and then stopping with a suddenness that would have unseated any other animal but a monkey. But it was useless. Then he stood right up on his hind legs. But the king quickly grasped him by the horns, and swung gaily to and fro, and stuck out his tongue in derision, which made his friends in the trees all laugh at the show. Billy then rolled on the ground; but the monkey king simply stood

on one side until he got on his feet again, and before Billy could run he sprang quickly on his back once more.

Billy soon began to think that perhaps he could not shake him off after all, and he would be obliged to gallop away to his mountain home in order to make the king leave him. The very thought of having to do this and acknowledging himself beaten, aroused all of Billy's energy. No—he would not do that. He would unseat the king, no matter what happened.

Then he did a wonderful thing. He stood right up on his fore-legs, with his hind-feet in the air, when Billy remarked—

“Surely he will not be able to keep his position now.”

But the monkey king grasped fast to Billy's tail, with his feet, and made a face to his friends to show them how easy it was to ride a goat. All his tribe jumped up and down in the trees, and simply howled

with delight at the sight; and I guess that even my little readers would have laughed heartily had they seen this battle between the rough-haired goat and the funny monkey.

After that, Billy stood still for a few moments, until he got his breath again, and the dust had settled; for he wanted all the monkeys to see the next try. They were all very quiet now, waiting to see what would come next, for all the world just like people at a circus, when now and then a baby monkey would whimper and whine a little, but its mother would quickly hush it still again.

Now Billy began to walk around in a circle, then he began to trot, then to gallop, and at last to run; and, when he was going at full speed, he suddenly took several short steps, sprang into the air, and spun like a pin-wheel, heels over head.

King monkey never exactly knew what

happened; but he shot off from Billy's back like a bullet, and landed squarely on his head against a large stone. My! but he did see stars! and moons and suns, too! His friends were so surprised that they sat in the tree-tops with their mouths wide open, never uttering a sound.

For more than a minute the king lay quite still. Then he opened his eyes, felt of his head, and slowly limped toward the forest, defeated, then the whole monkey tribe set up a shout, and it was several minutes before our hero Billy could understand that it was in praise of him for his great battle.

He was quite out of breath, for that last struggle had taken all his skill and strength; but he had won, and was satisfied.

Then there arose a loud cheering and shouting from the monkey tribe; and a number of them, with the king, came out to

give their best wishes to Billy, the king made a speech in which he said he was beaten fairly. And then the others gave Billy dates, figs, and all kinds of fruits which grew on the high branches of the trees, and which Billy had never hoped to get. Then they bade him to get back to his mountain home, and inviting him to come at any time and bring his family to see them.

Billy had kept his temper all through the battle, and never for a minute had been angry; so you see it always pays to be good-natured, even if the play is sometimes rather rough.

When Billy got home, he told his friends all about his adventure, and they all praised him for upholding the honor of the goat tribe, and they also decided that the little monkey-men were pretty good people.

The Beaver's Mistake

The Beaver's Mistake

MR. DUCK had just arrived from a long flight, and had settled down by a large lake, to see if it were a good place for him to find a fish for breakfast. He was hungry, and felt as though he could eat a ten-pound fish with ease. So into the water went Mr. Duck, where he swam around, looking sharply for a fish. He would even have eaten a frog had one been rash enough to cross his path.

Now, Mr. Beaver had also traveled quite a distance, and he was glad to see the sparkling water as it danced in the sunlight. He was tired with his long tramp through the woods, and promptly entered the water for a swim; and, without knowing it, he turned just the right way to meet Mr. Duck. As he swam, every now

and again he would dive to the bottom of the lake, and swim a long way under water, his strong webbed feet pushing him along at a good speed, and his flat tail serving him as a rudder with which to steer, and all the time he was getting nearer and nearer to Mr. Duck without knowing it.

Mr. Duck was beginning to get discouraged about finding anything to eat in this lake, when suddenly he saw what he thought was the fin of a large trout coming toward him. But of course it wasn't. It was the tail of Mr. Beaver as he swam below the surface, letting his tail bob above the water every now and then. Mr. Duck swam up and snapped his strong bill tightly on Mr. Beaver's tail, and hung there like a bull-dog. Mr. Beaver quickly thrust his head above water, and, seeing Mr. Duck hanging to his tail, at once in self-defense caught Mr. Duck also by the tail.

In the meantime Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver were making the water boil with their struggle; but little by little it began to quiet down, and at last all was still, even the water becoming calm. What had become of Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver? A few feathers only showed that they had ever been there. Had they eaten each other completely?

Ah! no. There is a head bobbing on the surface now. But there is only one. There should be two. And—well, what a queer head it is, somewhat like Mr. Beaver's. But the mouth is like Mr. Duck's. See! he is making for the shore. Now he has reached it, and out of the water he comes. Now we see what a funny fellow he is. We almost expect him to quack, like Mr. Duck. Then we look at his body covered with fur, and would be very much surprised if he did quack. What are we to make of this most odd and wonderful animal? Mr.

Duck and Mr. Beaver must have got all mixed up in their fuss and trouble, and here is the result. Did any of you children ever hear of such a strange animal? Oh, you have? and what is it? Yes, you are right: it is the duck-bill platypus, that is found only in Tasmania and Australia. And it does not seem queer that such a strange animal should live in Australia, for there many things are strange.

Well, the platypus is one of these strange animals which have puzzled learned men. They say that it came from the strange animals that lived thousands of years ago, and when I tell you that it lays eggs you will hardly believe me. But it does, and lives in holes in the bank of some stream or lake. Its fur is fine and soft, its feet webbed, it swims very fast, and can stay under water a long, long time. It lives on water insects and worms, which it finds by turning over the stones at the bottom of

the water with its strong bill. When young, it is easily tamed, and soon learns to know the voice of its master, quickly coming to his call, and feeding from his hand.





